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# THE BOZ BALL

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Harvard College Library




FROM THE

BRIGHT LEGACY

One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,

who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

# THE DICKENS BALL



The *Aurora's* Picture of Dickens

o

# ACCOUNT OF THE BALL

GIVEN IN HONOR OF

# CHARLES DICKENS

IN

# NEW YORK CITY

FEBRUARY 14, 1842

FROM THE

NEW YORK *AURORA*—EXTRA

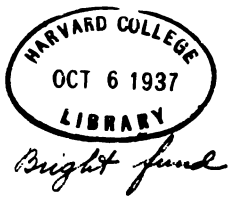


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TO

WILLIAM GLYDE WILKINS

# INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM PRESTON BEAZELL



HARLES DICKENS was the discoverer of yellow journalism. In our eager desire to find some counter-agent for the vicious influence it has become we commonly lose sight of the fact that just such newspapers have existed for three-quarters of a century and that we rage now against them more because of our clearer understanding than because of any new character they have assumed.

Dickens saw in 1842 the very things of which we are most acutely aware in 1908, and we have added to his indictment only a succinct phrase. Of all the things in America he did not like, its newspapers offended him most, and it is at once a tribute to his insight and to our own that we are able to turn

with approval, after forty years, to this passage from *American Notes*:

Among the herd of journals which are published in the United States, there are some, the reader scarcely need be told, of character and credit. From personal intercourse with accomplished gentlemen connected with publications of this class I have derived both pleasure and profit. But the name of these is Few, and of the others Legion; and the influence of the good is powerless to counteract the mortal poison of the bad.

Among the gentry of America; among the well-informed and moderate; in the learned professions; at the bar and on the bench, there is, as there can be, but one opinion in reference to the vicious character of these infamous journals. It is sometimes contended — I will not say strangely, for it is natural to seek excuses for such a disgrace — that their influence is not so great as a visitor would suppose. I must be pardoned for saying that there is no warrant for this plea, and that every fact and circumstance tends directly to the opposite conclusion.

When any man, of any grade of desert in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excel-

lence is safe from its attacks, and when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honour is held in the least regard; when any man in that Free Country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, and speak for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for its rampant ignorance and base dishonesty, he utterly loathes and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon and crush it openly, in the sight of all men; then, I will believe that its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the state, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock-in-trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long must its odium be upon the country's head, and so long must the evil it works, be plainly visible in the Republic.

To those who are accustomed to the leading English journals, or to the respectable journals of the Continent of Europe; to those who are accustomed to anything else in print and paper; it would be impossible, without an amount of extract for

which I have neither space nor inclination, to convey an adequate idea of this frightful engine in America. But if any man desire confirmation of my statement on this head, let him repair to any place in this city of London where scattered numbers of these publications are to be found; and there let him form his own opinion.

Was ever yellow journalism more vigorously or more truly pictured?

There has recently come to Pittsburg a copy of the newspaper that first suggested these things to Mr. Dickens — the "extra" published by *The New York Aurora* on February 15, 1842, that the ball given in honor of Boz's first visit to the American metropolis might properly be celebrated. This newspaper, marvelously well-preserved, has been added to the rare collection of Dickensiana owned by Mr. William Glyde Wilkins, and it has an associated value that makes it all but priceless because specific reference is made to it by Mr. Dickens in a letter he wrote to Mr. John Forster, of which the following is an abstract, and in which he gives his own account of the "Boz Ball," and also his early impressions of American newspapers:

Carlton-house, New York: Thursday, February Seventeenth, 1842. . . . . As there is a sailing-packet from here to England tomorrow which is warranted (by the owners) to be a marvellous fast sailer, and as it appears most probable that she will reach home (I write the word with a pang) before the Cunard steamer of next month, I indite this letter. And lest this letter should reach you before another letter which I dispatched from here last Monday, let me say in the first place that I did dispatch a brief epistle to you on that day, together with a newspaper, and a pamphlet touching the Boz ball; and that I put in the post-office at Boston another newspaper for you containing an account of the dinner, which was just about to come off, you remember, when I wrote to you from that city.

About half past 2, (Saturday) we arrived here. In half an hour more, we reached this hotel, where a very splendid suite of rooms was prepared for us; and where everything is very comfortable, and no doubt (as at Boston) enormously dear. Just as we sat down to dinner, David Colden made his appearance; and when he had gone, and we were taking our wine, Washington Irving came in alone with open arms. And here he stopped, until ten o'clock at night. (Through Lord Jeffrey, with whom he was connected by marriage, and Macready, of whom he was the cordial friend, we already knew Mr.

Colden; and his subsequent visits to Europe led to many years' intimate intercourse, greatly enjoyed by us both). Having got so far, I shall divide my discourse into four points. First, the ball. Secondly, some slight specimens of a certain phase of character in the Americans. Thirdly, international copyright. Fourthly, my life here, and projects to be carried out while I remain.

Firstly, the ball. It came off last Monday (vide pamphlet). "At a quarter past 9, exactly," (I quote printed order of proceeding), we were waited upon by "David Colden, Esquire, and General George Morris;" habited, the former in full ball costume, the latter in full dress uniform of Heaven knows what regiment of militia. The general took Kate, Colden gave his arm to me, and we proceeded downstairs to a carriage at the door, which took us to the stage door of the theatre: greatly to the disappointment of an enormous crowd who were besetting the main door, and making a most tremendous hullaballoo. The scene of our entrance was very striking. There were three thousand people present in full dress; from the roof to the floor, the theatre was decorated magnificently; and the light, glitter, glare, show, noise, and cheering, baffle my descriptive powers. We were walked in through the centre of the centre dress-box, the front whereof was taken out for the occasion; so to the back of

the stage, where the mayor and other dignitaries received us; and we were then paraded all round the enormous ball-room, twice, for the gratification of the many-headed. That done, we began to dance — Heaven knows how we did it for there was no room. And we continued dancing until, being no longer able even to stand, we slipped away quietly, and came back to the hotel. All the documents connected with this extraordinary festival (quite unparalleled here) we have preserved; so you may suppose that on this head alone we shall have enough to show you when we come home. The bill of fare for supper, is, in its amount and extent, quite a curiosity.

Now, the phase of character of the Americans which amuses me most, was put before me in its most amusing shape, by the circumstances attending this affair. I had noticed it before, and have since, but I cannot better illustrate it than by reference to this theme. Of course I can do nothing but in some shape or other it gets into the newspapers. All manner of lies get there, and occasionally a truth so twisted and distorted that has as much resemblance to the real fact as Quilp's leg to Taglioni's. But with his ball to come off, the newspapers were if possible unusually loquacious; and in their accounts of me, and my seeings, sayings and doings on the Saturday night and Sunday before, they describe my manner, mode of speaking, dressing, and so

forth. In doing this, they report that I am a very charming fellow (of course), and have a very free and easy way with me; "which," say they, "at first amused a few 'fashionables;' but soon pleased them exceedingly." Another paper, coming after the ball, dwells upon its splendor and brilliancy; hugs itself and its readers upon all that Dickens saw; *and winds up by gravely expressing its conviction, that Dickens was never in such society in England as he has seen in New York,* and that its high and striking tone cannot fail to make an indelible impression on his mind! For the same reason I am always represented, whenever I appear in public, as being "very pale;" "apparently thunderstruck;" and utterly confounded by all I see. . . . . You recognize the queer vanity which is at the root of all this? I have plenty of stories in connection with it to amuse you with when I return.

A comparison of the sentence in italics with that on page 56, also in italics, clearly identifies *The Aurora* as the newspaper referred to in Dickens's letter.

The paper is really a broadside, for it consists of a single sheet; it is called an "extra," and it contains but one item that does not bear directly upon Mr. Dickens's visit. The first page is devoted to

the pictures of Mr. Dickens and his wife reproduced herewith and to wood cuts illustrating *Master Humphrey's Clock*. The second page bears the letter-press from which the extracts that follow have been taken and the scene during the ball at the Park theatre.

To a craftsman this issue of *The Aurora* presents itself as a curious example of the most skilful sort of newspaper making. The picture of Mrs. Dickens, for example, is no more a portrait of her than it is of the — unkown, alas! — editor. But *The Aurora* had a "hell-box," plainly, and the gallery was made complete. The ball room scene appeared within so brief a time of the incident it pictures it could not possibly have been engraved from an actual sketch, but reversing the natural order of things and making the occurrence fit the picture was evidently no more of a trick then than it is to-day.

To a craftsman, too, this issue of *The Aurora* presents itself as a still more curious example of skilful news writing. The casual reader might put upon it the construction that Mr. Dickens himself seems to, but the burden of evidence is that it was

satire of so rare a sort, hitting so delicately at the extravagances of its contemporaries and of the community, that even the master of satire missed the point of it all — its sharpest barb was for those very newspapers the great Englishman came most cordially to detest, yet he held it guilty!

## FROM THE AURORA OF SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12

Welcome To Thee, Charles Dickens! — Thrice welcome to thy sweet wife! Thrice welcome over, could it be so, to thy charming sisters! To thee, and all thou lovest, a hearty, honest, deep-felt, enthusiastic welcome.

Thou art no stranger, man. We know thee well — all of us, through this broad hemisphere, know and appreciate, and honor, and love thee.

For years we have conversed with thee — not face to face, though many a mild, tearful eye has gazed for hours upon thy portraits — but better — heart to heart, and soul to soul.

We glory that thou art one of us — untitled, and not long ago unknown — thy father an honest haberdasher — thy mother a sweet, kind, intellectual woman, who taught thee with meek goodness — made thee say prayers on no unwilling knee, and took thee regularly to church — for all this we love

thee more, a thousand times more than if thou wert some haughty peer, or scion of royalty.

And we, working in the same glorious cause of humanity — moulding minds with the magic pen to noble and great designs — we are proud of thee, of ourselves, and of all that is done to honor thee.

We may be extravagant in our ecstacies — uncouth in our demonstrations of regard — we may annoy and trouble thee, Charles — but our admiration is sincere and its expression heartfelt and honest.

Read what one of our younger poets says to thee — how he welcomes thee — and the verses are worthy of their subject — praise enough.

CHARLES IS COME

FROM AFARA OF M'DONALD CLARKE

Napoleon at Austerlitz,
  Old Wellington at Waterloo,
(Where muffled glory, drooping, flits)
  The dignity of triumph knew.
A rapture known to few —
Charles has now his triumph too.

Not the triumph daub'd with gore —
  Not the glory dim'd with smoke —

When the cannon's tempest tore
  Columns that death alone has broke,
But the meet triumph that appears
In manhood's smile and woman's tears.

'Tis not the moonlight of his mind,
  That covers earth with cloudless beam;
But a meek beauty, more refined,
  That makes affection and esteem —
That bids the thrill of feeling start
The moonlight of a generous heart.

'Tis no mock conquest he achieves,
  (The hireling plaudits of a throne,)
The reverence that Charles receives
  Is the birthright of pure power alone;
The majesty bestowed by God,
And let him walk where Christ has trod.

Let him feel the awful power
  He has upon the human heart —
Sweeten with bloom his little hour,
  And like a summer night depart —
Leaving a golden dusk behind,
The sundown of a cloudless mind.

11th Feb., 1842 — 8 o'clock, A. M.

There! Charles Dickens, read that over once more to thy lovely wife, and see if she smile not

with pleasure. See this poet, for he is a character. All *Humphrey's Clock* has not a rarer. God has not many stranger creatures than Macdonald Clarke.

Here is another — a man about town — a democratic fashionable — a man of the world, wild and witty, Frank Waddell. He will give thee rare fun in his discourse; and as rare sentiment in his verses. — Frank will be known to thee, of course. He knows every body, and would introduce himself to Queen Victoria, and request the pleasure of her hand in the next quadrille. Here is Frank's welcome. Read this to Mrs. Dickens also:

BOZ

BY F. L. WADDELL

"All hail!" thou mighty Hogarth of the mind!
Within thy breast are wit and mirth enshrin'd;
Tho' fadeless laurels crown Cervantes' name,
The Pickwick author shall eclipse his fame.
Nomus avowed thee his great story teller,
When thy queer fancy pictured Samuel Weller;
The glorious forms which Fielding, Smollett, drew,
By time approved, unwilling bow to you;
Delighted millions own the magic spell
Of genius that could paint seraphic Nell;

While humor, rainbow of the soul, appears
Alternate sad or gay for Smike or Squeers.
A matchless vigor guides thy lightning pen,
Telling the virtues or the faults of men.
To life and nature true thy offspring start,
Thou modern Shakspeare of the human heart!

And all New York — all America — welcomes thee with just such feeling. There is not a mansion in our cities, nor a white cottage in our villages, nor a log cabin on our prairies and in our deep forests and among our mountains, where thou art not known and welcomed. The surges that roll across the broad Atlantic, roar thee a welcome to our rocky coast — and the wild mountains of New England echo thee a welcome. Niagara thunders welcome — and the great lakes of the northwest welcome thee to their blue waters and romantic islands.

The Mississippi will swell proudly to bear thee on her muddy waters to the bright cities of the sunny south, where all that is beautiful and chivalric shall welcome thee.

The editor of *The Aurora* welcomes thee in his own behalf; for in weariness, in solitude, in sick-

ness, in prison, thy genius has enlivened the gloomy hours, and cheered the desponding. So to thee and thine, Welcome!

We have seen the rooms at the Carlton, prepared for Dickens. There is a reception room upon the second parlor, on the corner of Broadway and Leonard street, where he can sit in the morning, and overlook the fashionables in their daily promenade; and many, many a bright eye will look up at that window. This room is furnished in a style of simple elegance. The curtains are white and crimson — the carpets Wilton — the furniture plain and elegant, and the pictures superb. There is a beautiful one over the mantel — a fine painting, which Dickens will take a severe look at, and will surely admire.

The private parlor, his sanctum sanctorum, where only his most intimate friends will be admitted, is room No. 37, on the third floor. On one side of him is the celebrated Genesee heiress, Miss W——h, on the other, a son of the immortal Clinton.

This little room is a perfect bijou. On each side of the door is a genuine Murillo — Arcadian pieces, and very beautiful. On another wall hangs

an original Vandyke; above the piano forte, is a lovely picture of the Ascension; and near one of the windows, the picture of an English bull of the most approved breed, to remind him of the "roast beef of old England."

This parlor opens into his bed room, which has been furnished in the most exquisite manner, under the superintendence of several of the ladies residing at the Carlton, who are evidently anxious that Mr. Dickens and his lady shall enjoy every possible comfort, and that his nights shall be as pleasant as his days are like to be while he remains in this metropolis.

Boz will arrive in this city by an extra boat, sent expressly for him, under the command of Captain Stone, and will arrive, if nothing happens, and he can tear himself away from the arms of all New England, at about two o'clock. If the day is fine, there will be many on the wharf to welcome him; but we believe it has not been decided to call out the military, and have a triumphal procession.

In his progress from Boston to New Haven, the demonstrations of the public enthusiasm were of

the most extraordinary character. He found at every village a deputation to welcome — triumphal arches were thrown across the streets — ladies waved their white handkerchiefs, and men shouted their huzzas.

To-day he will be here, and the excitement will rise higher than ever. To-day an hundred dress makers are fitting bodices to a thousand forms of loveliness; five hundred journeymen tailors are stitching away for dear life, and many of them find it a pressing emergency. Even Wm. H. Attree is going in the disguise of a gentleman, having ordered an entirely new suit for the occasion, in the vain hopes that, when once dressed up, he will not be recognized. Could he possibly assume the manners of a gentleman with the dress, even Bennett would not know him.

The Ball of Monday night will be the greatest affair of the kind that ever took place on this continent, since it was thrown up from the bed of the ocean. Yesterday, tickets were sold for over one hundred dollars — and some would have had them, had they cost a thousand — so great — so over-

whelming is the excitement. We shall attend the Ball — shall have the most perfect report of the Ball on Tuesday morning, that will be given in the city, for we have the facilities that no other person can possibly command.

And a glorious welcome shall we give to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens.

## FROM THE AURORA OF FEBRUARY 14TH.

*Charles Dickens in New York—Scenes at the Carlton*

The illustrious author of the Pickwick papers, and the immortal works which have succeeded them, landed in New York, just as we predicted he would — he and his shaggy, outre, and very unfashionable overcoat, and his pretty wife, on Saturday. Captain Stone deserves great credit for landing him safely on our blessed island — now, in his presence, thrice blessed. We are informed by the reporter of the *Herald* that he rode to the Carlton House in one carriage, and retired immediately to his suite of apartments at this fashionable hotel. The same veracious authority informs us that he resembles most of the young Englishmen about town, especially Mr. Saunders, at the bookstore of the Langleys, in Chatham Street, one of the best publishing houses on this side of the deep Atlantic.

Mr. Saunders may be seen there to-day, at any hour from nine o'clock until dark, except while at

dinner; and to prevent disappointment, we have tried, but in vain, to ascertain at what particular hour he dines — but, up to the hour of going to press, we were unable to obtain any information upon the subject. We may venture to say, however, that Mr. Saunders will not be absent over half an hour any time during the day; and that those who are very anxious to see how the illustrious Boz really looks, will be amply repaid for waiting. As the gratification of an idle curiosity is in very bad taste, it would be well enough to buy a quire of paper, or some cheap book, at the same time; but those who have no money, can ask for some book they know to be out of print, or talk encouragingly of future purchases.

Perhaps the reporter of the *Herald* wishes it to be understood that Mr. Dickens bears a rather strong resemblance to one Attree, all but his whiskers, which, it seems, he has made no effectual effort to cultivate.

Yesterday morning there occurred an incident in relation to Mr. Dickens, of the most astounding character. It seems that since his arrival at the

Carlton, every member of the establishment has been on the *qui vive* to watch his every motion. Those who heard his step were happy — those who caught a glimpse of his coat tail felt supremely blessed, and thought they had achieved their full share of glory.

On Sunday morning, at half past ten o'clock, a gentleman called and requested one of the attentive waiters of the Carlton to carry up his card. The servant took it, and carried it up to Mr. Dickens's private parlor, knocked three times on the door, and was admitted, and delivered the card.

Mr. Dickens took it in his hand, in his peculiar manner, and was about to read it, when with the quick powers of observation which he possesses in such a remarkable degree, he observed that the card was wrong side up. With the promptitude which distinguishes all his movements, he turned the card about immediately, and then, in an audible voice, and a mild, forbearing, and, the waiter thought, Pickwickian manner, asked him to show the gentleman up. These were his very words; so that it seems that this distinguished and truly great man

is not content with showing people up himself, but expects those who attend upon him to do the same.

We regret to state that we do not know who the gentleman was that Mr. Dickens ordered or requested the waiter to show up; and the waiter does not know, for though he turned the card over several times in ascending the stairs and walking along the staircase to No. 37, he was unable to tell what particular name was inscribed upon it. One reason for this was, perhaps, that he had never learned to read, and this is the only reasonable excuse for his gross and unparalleled neglect.

The stranger, however, was shown to the room, and was very politely welcomed by Mr. Dickens — indeed, the waiter heard him say, very distinctly, "I am happy to see you, sir;" and he is quite positive that the stranger said that Mr. Dickens was welcome to New York, an observation that goes very far in favor of his character for truth and veracity.

After this the door was shut, but the servant remained outside; whether providentially, or because he had nothing else to engage his immediate attention, we have no means of ascertaining.

However this may be, he did remain near the door, and it was well that he did, for thereby he was enabled to witness a scene of the most extraordinary character. At first he heard a sound, resembling the clashing of foils somewhat, but he thought it more like the clashing of plates; then there was a confused sound as if of persons talking in a low voice; then came the clashing sound again, and a sort of clicking noise, which he could compare to nothing but a piece of steel, or some other metal, and some kind of crockery ware coming into violent contact.

Determined to remain in this state of violent excitement and agitated suspense no longer, the servant placed his eye at the keyhole, and distinctly saw Charles Dickens, the illustrious Boz, eating his breakfast, with his knife in his right hand and his fork in his left. We obtained our information of this circumstance yesterday, and had it not been a very rainy day should have issued an Extra, instead of waiting for our regular morning edition, to communicate this exciting incident to an anxious public.

To-day the preparations will be completed; over a hundred master tailors, and a large number of

journeymen will be energetically damned before tea time, and a still larger number of dress makers will be as energetically but more politely scolded.

At last the hour will come. The music, led by Mr. Allan Dodsworth, the handsomest musician in New York, will have all their instruments in full tune. The characters of the *tableaux vivants* will all be dressed for the first representation. Then five hundred carriages will come crashing into Park Row. Hackmen will swear at omnibus drivers, who forthwith will abjurate back, and the superintendent of coaches, aided by six policemen, will try very hard to keep order.

There will then be a strict examination of all tickets at the door, to prevent counterfeits; and those who are refused admission on this ground will be very indignant, especially if they have ladies with them.

Inside there will be an immense crowd; but the seats will be more crowded than the floor, because very fashionable people don't dance in mixed companies — which will make it much better for us, who are not too proud to enjoy ourselves.

*Order of the Ball.* What hour Mr. Dickens will visit the ball to-night, we have not been able to ascertain. When he comes, it will undoubtedly be in a carriage, drawn by two horses. The report that he intended to come in a cab is not credited. Mrs. Dickens does not approve of the fashion they have of backing against the curb stone.

When he arrives, as soon as the carriage door is opened and the steps taken down, he will alight, and will then assist his lady to do the same. At this time there will be a considerable crowd around the door, who may possibly get up a little promiscuous cheering, but will otherwise behave with perfect propriety. Mr. Dickens and his lady will then walk into a reception room, and take off all their superfluous outdoor clothing.

Then they will enter the ball room, escorted by two of the committee, of whom General George P. Morris will unquestionably be one, and Col. Colden will probably be the other. Of the latter we are not so certain; but we will give odds on the other, for upon no member of the committee could this honor so appropriately fall.

When they enter the room, the company will probably open to the right and left for them to pass through, and the band will play some appropriate air, probably God Save the Queen, in honor of Mrs. Dickens — and then, very likely, Hail Columbia, or Yankee Doodle, perhaps both, in honor of our noble selves; at all events, this would be highly proper.

All this time, everybody will be pushing and staring with all their might. Those who are near-sighted will use their glasses — those who are short will stand on tiptoe, and the tall ones will do the same, just to keep up the social equilibrium. The ladies will say, "What a handsome man! Don't he look like a genius?" And the gentlemen will be looking at, and very possibly falling in love with his wife.

When he gets to the head of the room, there will be the Mayor, and the rest of the Committee, all in full dress, and looking very grand, and very important, as they ought. They will all bow to Boz, and bustle about a little, and then Boz will bow to them, and his lady will smile very sweetly, and make her prettiest courtesy. Then the Mayor will make

a short speech, which nobody will be near enough to hear, and Dickens will also say something pretty and clever, as he always does.

He will pass around the room, the trumpet will sound, and there will be a dance; then we shall have one of General Barry's *tableaux vivants*, then more music and dancing, then some of Downing's oysters and other refreshments.

But, enough of this, or we shall spoil the splendid description we shall give tomorrow, which will immortalize the *Aurora,* and increase its sale by several hundreds.

## WELCOME TO DICKENS!!
## THE GREAT BOZ BALL

GIVEN AT THE PARK THEATRE, ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 14, 1842, AS A WELCOME TO CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS LADY

The doors of the Park theatre were thrown open at seven o'clock. An awning covered the sidewalk which might have proved useful, only that it ceased snowing long before the hour. There was a green baize carpet for them to step upon as they alighted from their carriages, and as they did so, each one felt like an enchanted princess entering a palace in fairy land.

The scene which the inside of the theatre displayed, was the most magnificent, taken altogether, that we have seen in many years. The grand saloon was lighted with a profusion of splendid chandeliers, and ornamented with the portraits of American presidents, picture of Dickens, scenes from the works of Boz, and classic statues.

As we anticipated — as we warned — as we




The *Aurora's* Picture of the Great "Boz" Ball

knew, indeed, it would be, the whole theatre was crowded. Until nine o'clock, it was impossible to get near the entrance, on the sidewalk. When we entered, the floor was one dense mass of people, and the boxes and lobbies were nearly full.

The band struck up God Save the Queen — the crowd divided — and the lion of the day, the immortal Boz, entered the ball room; but first, as in right she should, came his beautiful wife. She walked between Gen. Morris and Col. Colden. Next came Mr. Dickens, a good looking young man, with much such a face as his pictures give him, but a bolder nose, and not quite the breadth we had expected — still no one could have mistaken him. With the descriptions and portraits, he could not have been mistaken.

As he entered the room, there was an immense sensation — handkerchiefs waving — there were even efforts made to cheer him as he passed along. What must he have thought? There were two thousand of the élite of our society all there to do honor to, and get a sight of Charles Dickens. There stood Irving, and Halleck, and Willis — there the gems

of our aristocracy — there some of the most beautiful women and the finest men in the world — at least in the new world, all assembled to do him honor — and there was an intense crowd and a magnificent jam.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickens walked around the room as fast as they could for the crowd, and then the manager called out, gentlemen, take partners for a cotillion. This was a good joke, a capital joke — yet they did dance with all the crowd — here and there, they made room, by extra pushing, to form a quadrille — and once or twice, five or six little rings were formed for a waltz — about three feet across. It was a curious, very curious ball.

Thus much we gave in the sparkling *Aurora* — but now for our description of the Ball. How can we describe what was indescribable? It was unprecedented, unexampled, unparalleled — in short it was tremendous. Every foot — every inch of the immense stage was crowded.

Mrs. Dickens was dressed in white — a splendid woman, with a handsome, intelligent, happy face, and a voluptuous figure. The portrait of her, the



The *Aurora's* Picture of Mrs. Dickens

only one taken in this country, looks exactly like her, as she appeared, proud and happy, looking upon the immense assemblage, assembled to welcome herself and her loved lord to this great continent.

Mr. Dickens was dressed very neatly — so well, indeed, that we cannot remember how, only that his coat was a neat cut of some fancy color, and that he wore a beautiful rose in his button hole.

Of the committee, we can say only that they did themselves great credit in the preliminary arrangements — especially in the decorations — but perhaps no small degree of credit is due to Mr. Stoutenburg — we believe that's the name — who carried out in such a superb manner the design of the committee.

But this Ball was especially distinguished by the high tone and fashion of those who attended it. In the first quadrille we saw, was Miss Mary Jones, Mrs. J. C. Jones, Miss Hone, the two Misses Jones, the Misses Anthon, and Mrs. Fish, who, with their partners, certainly made a very distinguished party.

In a single group in another part of the room, we saw Washington Irving, very plainly dressed, and, as it appeared, wholly neglected by the commit-

tee; Fitz Green Halleck; N. P. Willis; Lewis Gaylord Clarke; and George P. Morris. At a distance, walking around, unnoticed, were Wm. H. Attree and James Gordon Bennett, both looking doleful enough.

On passing round the room, we saw hundreds whom we have seen in the different ball rooms of New York; and many who have not often graced such scenes, nor who, upon any common occasion, would have appeared in such an assembly.

Among the most beautiful and distinguished ladies, were Miss Boggs, and her sister, Mrs. Rae, a widow lady of fashion and fortune — Miss Haight, the belle of Waverly Place; Miss Phelps, of Park Place; her sister, Mrs. Anderson; Miss Cheeseman of Broadway, daughter of the celebrated Dr. C.; the Misses Stebbins; Mrs. H. G. Stebbins; Mrs. Prosper M. Wetmore; Miss Runyon; the Misses Clarkson of Broadway; Mrs. Mayor Morris; Miss Gar; Mrs. Allaire of Suffolk Street, and many more.

In our haste, we have given these just as we could remember them, as a specimen of the beauty, fashion, and high tone of this great and extraordinary festival.

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE "BOZ" BALL

Who was the belle of the ball room, is more than we can say. An hundred times we thought we had her in our eye, but the next moment we saw some fair one still more lovely. One moment we were inclined to award the palm of superior beauty to the lovely Miss B—ks, the belle of Bridgeport; then we glanced with admiration at the fair Mary F. S—g, of the same favored city. Then our attention was attracted by Miss S—y and Miss T—r, the lovely representatives of Newark, N. J.

At last, our eyes rested upon a quadrille set, the four gentlemen of which were in the uniform of our gallant little United States army. One glance at the ladies assured us that we need look no further. We saw two sisters, both incomparably beautiful. We knew them once, at a western military post. They were born in an officer's barrack — cradled in a camp — and the fife and drum, and the loud clarion of war, has been their music.

In the wildest scenes of war, in the military posts of the far west, they have grown up peerless in beauty, and full of soul and genius. They have spent their early years at Fort Gratiot, Winnebago,

Green Bay, Niagara. Both are a soldier's daughters, the eldest a soldier's bride, and we pronounce them the belles of the Boz ball. They were dressed in simple white — we cannot describe them; would not, if we could.

Dickens danced. In the very centre of this magnificent ball room, with the thousands of his admirers around him, we saw the illustrious author of Pickwick papers take his place for a quadrille. He bowed to his partner with inimitable grace, and then turning about, went through the same interesting ceremony with the lady at his left, who looked as if just ready to sink under the pressure of this distinguished honor.

Then, nearly at the proper time he crossed over, and then came back to his place. It was then observed that he balanced to his partner in the most graceful and Pickwickian manner. We were not near enough to observe particularly, but have no doubt that he turned out his toes, and danced with his right foot forward. It is rendered nearly certain, by a gravity of concurrent testimony, that in the "ladies chain" he gave his left hand to the

opposite lady, and then to his partner, and it was thought by many of those present, that each of them squeezed it quite perceptibly, but this we will not vouch for. We know that he got safely through the quadrille, without more than the ordinary number of mistakes, for which we ought all to be very grateful.

The *tableaux vivants* were very fine indeed; and to those who could see them, afforded a great gratification. The scene was a curious one. There was a raised stage at the back of the ball room, and at the sound of the gong, the curtain drew up, and for the space of a minute, the characters were visible to those who were near enough, and tall enough to see them. Those in the boxes were too far off — a great portion of those upon the floor were too short, and all over the room ladies and gentlemen could be seen jumping three feet into the air, to catch a glimpse of old Pickwick, Sam Weller, and the other characters whom the pen of Dickens has rendered immortal. A shoal of porpoises, frolicking in the blue waves, will give a just idea of this novel and extraordinary scene.

This, of course, was repeated at every tableau.

The music was of the most superb character, well selected, and admirably performed — and the band was led by Mr. Allan Dodsworth, in the elegant and excellent style which makes him so much a favorite.

Of course, when there was both beauty and fashion, there was a perfect swarm of beaux, exquisites, and the dandies of the exclusive ton.

We counted at least twenty Ma tillinies — one of these, a Mr. M—s L—w, a beau of some fifty or sixty certainly, thought himself the handsomest fellow in the ball room — and if a gay dress of blue and gold, or well polished brass, and a very handsome wig, made him so, he was.

But the beaux are of small account. Let us pass around the ball room again, where we can in better comfort — for, though still crowded, hundreds have left. There is Mrs. S—g, of Leroy Place, late of Detroit, Michigan, and a contributor to some of our most popular magazines. There are the fashionable Misses M—r, of Seventeenth Street, the youngest of whom is superbly beautiful, and was accompan-

ied by her exquisite friend, Mr. C—n. She needs no eulogy either for her personal or mental perfections; and got, of course, a superfluity. Between her and her elder sister, who was under the protection of Mr. M., it is difficult to decide which possesses the highest claims to our admiration.

There was Miss Caroline C. R., of Stuyvesant Place, elegantly attired in white satin, trimmed lavishly with blonde. It is a source of pure delight to gaze upon her mild, yet intellectual face. She is a millionaire, and in a few short months will be led to the altar, there to affirm the sacred vow she has made to her affianced husband, under whose care she was during the evening.

We admired Miss J. W., a charming petite figure, with sparkling black eyes and black hair, in a fine contrast with her beautiful swan like neck. She was a star of brilliant attraction. Her escort, Mr. W—d, could not but have been an object of envy to many gentlemen present. Her dress was in strict accordance with her pretty figure, and in discreet taste.

Miss Laura F. R., of Eighth Street, did not fail

to attract nearly every eye in that superb saloon. Her figure is slightly *en bon point*, though this is a good fault in her, and her many admirers did not omit to notice her purely classic bust. She is the most graceful and dignified young lady that has ever adorned the high sphere of society she moves in.

The belle of Jersey City, Miss G—y, looked like the fair Eve in paradise.

There were few more lovely women than Mrs. Cromwell of East Broadway — few more lovely than Miss Young of Varick Street — few more enchanting than the Misses Henriques, of Varick Place, or Miss Woodworth, the poet's lovely daughter — few more brilliant than Miss Clarence, of Waverly Place, or Miss Hill of Broadway; few more truly pleasing than Miss Fitzwilliam of Fourth Street, or Miss Ward.

So we passed around, and through the ball room culling its choicest beauties. We have described Dickens as well as we could — and others as well as we are able — but let us describe just one more — the Editor of the *Aurora*.

This rather notorious personage is twenty-six years of age, six feet high, a light and not very

awkward figure, brown hair, now tolerably long and slightly curled, regular features, light complexion, dark hazel eyes, no whiskers or mustache, and a carriage remarkable for nothing but an air of don't-care-a-damn-ationess. On this particular occasion he wore a black coat and pantaloons, made by Martin, the cash tailor in William street; a pair of gaiter pumps, a vest of very rich watered silk of peculiar pattern, a simple black stock, and a pattern to economical young gentlemen, a pair of white silk gloves.

The linen of this remarkable and distinguished individual was faultlessly white, a rare thing for an editor, and carefully perfumed with Eau du Floride — his white cambric handkerchief was filled with the delicious scent of the boquet du roi, and his gloves were just touched with a delicate odor of mille fleurs.

This gentleman entered the ball room immediately after Mr. Dickens, and after taking a short recess, and drinking with his friends two bottles of the best champagne wine at the Shakespeare, in Park Row, left finally, at one o'clock, to write out this description, and then pay a visit to the great Tenth Ward Democratic Ball at Tammany Hall.

## A LOCK OF BOZ'S HAIR — DELICATE ATTENTIONS

On Sunday evening, in a fashionable mansion, a few doors north of the Carlton, a little party were chatting about the arrival of Boz, the excitement, the ball, and all that pertains to the "lion" who is being so effectually shown up. Presently the street bell rung, and in a few minutes a servant entered with a note directed to one of the fair daughters of the house. On being opened it read as follows:

An unknown but profound admirer of Miss —— begs leave to present her with the enclosed lock of hair, which was this evening clandestinely nipped from the head of Charles Dickens.

"Beautiful," exclaimed all the fair ones in a breath.

"Who was so good, so kind, so generous, so romantic, as to steal the precious curl? I'd marry the interesting thief, instanter," said the delighted recipient, pressing the flaxen gift to her lips, "if I only knew where to find him."

"Let me look at the note," cried her sister; "he says he is an unknown admirer — that can hardly be, or he is in possession of that virtue, rarely found among men — modesty." "Pshaw!" she continued, after minutely examining the note, "do you not know him — an old captive, who, for six months has kept the door bell constantly trembling; Augustus ——, who has supplied you with bouquets, sufficient for a Roman sacrifice, is the unknown admirer, sweet sis."

The excitement created by this discovery was great. The gentlemen present, each and every one of whom were mad worshippers at the same shrine, did not relish the aspect of things. Augustus had stolen a march upon them, and was first in the affections of their heart's idol, as the rich color which mantled the cheeks of the gratified girl clearly demonstrated.

We will leave them to their own reflections, and look into another elegant mansion up town. The fair occupant had just returned from church, (it is fashionable to attend evening meetings occasionally) when her eyes fell upon a note, addressed to her

lying on the drawing room table. It throws some little light on the foregoing, and exhibits the penitential character of the writer — we therefore publish it:

My Dear Mrs. ——: I have always been an honest man, till within the last five minutes; but now I am a thief, and frankly confess it. You know I have been desperately (hopelessly, I fear), in love for six months. I have lavished the most delicate attentions on my angelic enslaver, thus far, without the slightest prospect of success. Finding you absent this evening, I was about retiring, when your lapdog came running into the room. His hair is of the same color as Dickens's, "the lion," and curls quite as gracefully. The thought struck me that if I were to cut a lock from the dog, and send it to my fair one, as a real "cork screw" from the head of Boz — my delicate attentions might at least be appreciated. No sooner said than done; and though the little imp — angel, I mean, has bitten half my fingers off, curse — bless him! — I have secured the tress, and am now going to deliver it at my lady's door. Do forgive me. If I succeed, I will pension your poodle for life, and esteem you for ever as my truest friend. AUGUSTUS.

So much for delicate attentions, and a lock of Boz's hair.

(For the *New York Aurora*)

## DICKENS — THE DEVIL AT DISCOUNT

FROM AFARA OF M'DONALD CLARKE

A gorgeous crowd — a glitter of light —
  Chariots three abreast, in rattle.
O, this shall be an immortal night —
  Immortal as old Wellington's battle,
When Europe gazed in ghastly wonder,
And triumph's sigh was a crash of thunder.

The devil's at discount — Hell's heart sick.
  Genius goes the death for God —
Dashes its colors fast and thick —
  The cloven foot at last's unshod —
Mock majesty has lost its crown,
Talent treads sin's idols down.

Satan sees his day is done —
  Earth's mightiest takes the other side —
Startling as a midnight gun,
  The voice that sings the dirge of pride;
While intellect aids penury's cause,
And the heart feels — too much for applause.

America, my own dear land,
  Who would not bow to a kingly crest,

To sainted genius gives her hand,
And strains him to her naked breast.
The nobility of nature rules
In spite of grandeur's flattered fools.

This man has risen for the poor —
Scorn'd to fawn on regal power.
His manly memory shall endure
Long after kings have aped their hour,
And all the tinsel of the great
Has faded with the crumbled state.

Come, my fine fellow — freedom cheers
The hero of a fetter'd land;
Manhood's smile, and woman's tears
Brighten and freshen the place you stand.
No wooden-nutmeg-welcome, Boz —
No pedlar's squeeze o' the fingers, poz.

8th February, 1842.

*Feeding the Lion.* It having been ascertained that Mr. Dickens eats with a knife and fork, holding his knife in his right hand and his fork in his left, and that his sweet and beautiful lady has an excellent appetite, both have been overwhelmed with dinner invitations.

Yesterday, Mr. Dickens and lady dined with Charles A. Davis, Esq., who resides, we believe, at

365 Broadway, and is a merchant in Broad Street. This gentleman is also distinguished in literature as the author of the letters of Major Jack Downing, which appeared in the *New York Daily Advertiser,* much the best of all that have been written under that signature.

This was a very quiet and excellent affair, and one calculated to give Mr. Dickens a very favorable idea of our society.

To-day (Tuesday) he will also dine out, and if we are not misinformed, with David C. Colden, Esq., of 28 Laight Street. It will doubtless be an elegant affair, and the quiet family party, which Mr. Dickens insists upon, will be made up of the élite of the ancient régime. *Indeed, it is probable that Mr. Dickens was never, in England, admitted into such really good society, as since he landed in this country.* He has seen and will see more aristocracy in Boston and New York than he has ever seen, and probably ever will see, in his native land.

## ACCOUNT OF THE "BOZ" BALL

BY

N. PARKER WILLIS

In connection with Dickens's own account of the ball and that given in *The Aurora,* the following extract from a letter by N. Parker Willis, who was present at the ball, is interesting, coming as it does from one of the most prominent contemporary writers of the time.

"Boz" has commenced the harvest of his laurels, but I wish he would suddenly drop his *cognito* and see the country under some other name. His swallow, I think, is not large, and, if a week of our whole-hog regimen of compliment do not gorge him, it will be that he wears a vicarious stomach in his doublet. Quite as highly spiced would be the tributes he might pick up by the wayside — tributes without eyes or ears, exacting neither blushes nor disclaimers, neither toast nor speech responsive. I really think, that, making the round of our country under the happy name of Smith, and lifting his mask here and there

to those who struck his fancy, Dickens might leave us with a sense deeper and sweeter of our love for his genius, than he is likely to gather with the vexed brains and morning headaches of his *ovation*. Everybody knows him. Everybody loves him. And, faith! I don't see why he should be much pitied, after all! A man might bear such popularity as his, whatever "questionable shape" it could assume. At his age to "put a girdle round the earth" as broad as the language in which he writes, and, following it three thousand miles west, to find it embroidered with a great nation in *alto relievo* — (raised to meet him) — this is a lifetime renown to make Milton stare back over the walls of Paradise — to make Dante swear by his own Inferno that he was born six centuries too soon! It is Charles Dickens's due, no doubt, and the payment of these airy dues, prompt and honest as it is, would come with a better grace if a percentage of the vast sale of his works were not also Charles Dickens's due! If State debts could be paid in complimentary dinners, however, "Mississippi" and "Governor McNutt" might not be by-words on the London Exchange. We are a famous nation for paying — compliments! I wish to God we were not as famous for robbing authors.

May Henry Clay (whom God bless!) take at the flood this popular enthusiasm for a pillaged author, and lead it on to the amendment of our law of copyright. * * * *

You are to understand this line of stars as expressing a domestic eclipse of three weeks, during which I have made my apparition in most of our principal cities, seen the "Boz Ball," and aired my holiday clothes and my holiday manners. It was partly business that took me off so suddenly, and partly *Boz*-iness, I am free to confess. I wished to see this most loveable of authors wearing his bays, and I felt my heart with the country — discreet or indiscreet in its rush to do him honor. So over the hills I jolted — three days and nights in springless lumber wagons, (substitutes for coaches in the muddy months), and, well qualified for any stand-up amusement, I joined the great multitude at the Park. With the cobwebs newly brushed out of my eyes, I was, of course, susceptible to all the illusions of lights, loveliness and music, and to me it was very enchanting work. Dickens's joyous countenance and the *bonhomie* and simplicity of his manners heightened, I thought, even the expectant enthusiasm with which his admirers had come to the ball, and it is

enough to say he lost no hearts that night — for all changes to him, in the tenure of that commodity, must be losses. He seemed, himself, in all honesty of feeling, delighted with his reception — *sans arriere pensee*, if I may be-French you a little. It was an anomaly to see a Dives in literature — a man of great genius receiving his "good things in this life," and it was an anomaly to see a man of deep thoughts wearing "his heart on his sleeve," like a merry school-boy. He reflected everybody's smile — as gaily unembarrassed among the loving looks and bright eyes as a bird in a garden. There was a delicate line to hit, between reserve and condescension, between embarrassment and insensibility — a difficult part to play, altogether — and Boz was made for it. He is what Balzac calls *un expansif* — with good humor enough, and address, and spirit, sufficiently prompt and mercurial, to spread himself over as much of the world as can get near him, bodily. "Popular" is a misused word, but, in its best sense, Dickens is popular — popular in his boots as in his books, the right mind for the people and the right man for the people — rind and core of the same clear ripeness and sweetness. The very young ladies have been somewhat disappointed in his beau-

ty, (as they would be, no doubt, in the Apollo's, if that gentleman were off his pedestal and walking about, dressed like Mr. Dickens), but I do not believe one has seen him without loving him. He is exempt from the disenchantment common and fatal to most "idols taking a walk."

"But tell us something about the ball," quoth you. Truly there is little left to tell after the morning papers have had their will of it. There is always, at every great ball I ever heard of, one complete marvel in the shape of a girl of sixteen, of unknown coinage, but virgin gold — the cynosure of all eyes; and such a one I spent my moment in watching, paying, to that extent, my willing tribute to her beauty. She had an old-fashioned face, moulded after Stuart Newton's ideal, with nothing in it, except the complexion, which fifty years could no more than mellow. I should like to know the race of that girl — I should like to know by what fathering and mothering such features, and frame, and countenance are brought about. Faultlessly dressed, graceful, dignified, and so beautiful — and dancing only with men whom nobody knew, and who had, (affinities governing), no right on earth to know her — it was a precious traverse altogether. I was so

far overstepped by usual let-slide philosophy as to nudge a very earnest looker-on, and beg pardon for asking the lady's name, but, without removing his eyes from the little bright teeth just then disclosing with a smile, he expressed a wish to be informed on the subject himself — phrasing his reply, however, with more emphasis than piety.

A hint from one of the managers that a certain small curtain near the stage box, was the *introitus* to champagne and oysters, coupled (the hint) with the agreeable request that I would follow thither in the suite of Mrs. Dickens, drew me out of the charmed circle of the incognita, and I saw her no more.

As to any other of the "abouts" of the ball, my dear friend, I fear I cannot minister to your aristocratic taste, for, in all mixed societies, I ply among the plebeians — preferring a rude novelty to polished platitude. Your friends were all there (I heard) in the boxes. I was on the floor. Not dancing — for, "at my time of life," etc., etc. — but being amused — studying the nice line of manners by the departures from it — thanking heaven for degrees in all things — seeking what, no doubt, gives zest to an angel's errand on earth, change from the stereotype of perfection. I must say it is a great charm

in vulgarians, that, as Sir Fopling says, "you never know what the devil they may do next," while *au contraire*, the dead certainty of sequence, under all circumstances, in polite society, makes of it the very treadmill of pleasure.

I have not told you "about" Mrs. Dickens, however. She was, of course, the star of the evening, second in brightness. Great interest was felt on seeing her, the world being aware that she had loved the leading star of the night without knowing his "place in the heavens," and wedded him before his rising. And besides this, there was the interest felt always in the wife of a man of genius — priestess as she is to the bright fire — nearest and dearest to the wondrous heart which supplies to his imaginations all their reality — model as she must be for the subtlest delineations of pure love, the truest and fairest features of his pictures of women. She has risen with him, she and her children, a cluster of stars around him, and the world is perhaps not overstepping the limit of delicacy in bending, on the whole constellation, the telescope of affectionate curiosity. Mrs. Dickens seemed to me a woman worthy to count her hours by Master Humphrey's Clock — appreciative, to the extremest nerve, of her

husband's genius, and feeling, with exquisite sensibility, the virtuous quality and the prodigal overflowing of his fame. They have four children. Dickens showed me a delicious drawing of them by his friend Maclise, with Grip the raven perched gravely on the back of the chair in which the youngest was seated. Separation from these seems to be the only alloy in their pleasure among us, and I fear they will be drawn home sooner than were otherwise best by this powerful chain. God give them a happy reunion!

As to other and more general "Boziana," are they not written in the Dailies and glorified in the "Extras?" It would interest you, perhaps, could I describe the tribute of some literary milliner, which came in here while I was calling, on the day of the ball — a very smart bonnet with a very smart plume, for Mrs. Dickens; but for that, and for the anonymous bouquets which entered, like a well-timed floral procession, one every half hour, you must draw on your imagination. To my thinking, the milliner's tribute was very national, and quite as well worth Dickens's thanks as the diamond snuff-boxes which have conveyed to him the homage of nobility.

# APPENDIX

[Facsimile of Report of Committee on Boz Ball]

# APPENDIX

The pages which follow are a facsimile reprint of the report published by the committee which had in charge the arrangements for the "Boz Ball." In his life of Dickens, Forster, referring to the letter to Dickens beginning on page 3, and which was signed by all the members of the committee, says: "The mere signatures suffice to show how universal was the welcome from that great city of the Union."

Some of the Rules and Regulations laid down by the committee will strike the present day reader as being almost as humorous as some parts of the *Aurora* description of the ball. Note for instance, "The Committee will appear in full Ball dresses;" that "An ample supply of refreshments will be provided;" that "An awning to be erected in front of the Theatre covering the sidewalk;" and, finally, that "An efficient Police to be engaged to secure order." Is it any wonder that Dickens was amused at the crudeness of some phases of America and Americans, and that he says in a letter to Forster, previously quoted. "All the documents connected with this extraordinary festival (quite unparalleled here) we have preserved." While he particularly mentions the bill of fare of the supper, the report which follows is no doubt one of the documents which he preserved.

# WELCOME

TO

# CHARLES DICKENS.

## THE BOZ BALL.

TO BE GIVEN

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF A COMMITTEE

OF

CITIZENS OF NEW YORK,

AT THE

PARK THEATRE,

ON THE EVENING

OF

THE FOURTEENTH OF FEBRUARY NEXT.

NEW YORK:
J. C. House, Printer, 88 Barclay-street.
1842.

# WELCOME

TO

# CHARLES DICKENS.

## THE BOZ BALL.

It having been announced in the public prints, that Mr. Charles Dickens had landed in the United States, a numerous meeting of citizens was held at the Astor House, on Wednesday evening, January the 26th, to take into consideration the propriety of tendering to him a suitable welcome on his arrival in New York. The meeting was called to order by Wm. H. Maxwell, who nominated Robert H. Morris as Chairman. Prosper M. Wetmore named D. C. Colden and D. C. Pell as Secretaries. The officers being duly elected, the meeting was addressed by Philip Hone, Chas. W. Sandford, J. W. Edmonds, J. R. Livingston, jr., J. W. Francis, James W. Webb, Prosper M. Wetmore, and other gentlemen; whereupon, Wm. H. Maxwell, after some appropriate remarks, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting, it is proper and becoming in the Citizens of New York, to unite heartily in those demonstrations of respect and esteem which have been, and will be, everywhere in our land, called forth by the visit of Mr. Dickens to America; not because of his talents alone, but in consideration of the noble use he has made of those talents, in vindicating the rights and claims and feelings of humanity at large, without distinction of rank or circumstance.

*Resolved*, That in welcoming Charles Dickens to America, we feel that we are at once paying due homage to genius and fulfilling the demands of gratitude; for, as individuals, we owe gratitude to the minister of intellectual delight, and, as Republicans, we are bound to thank him who has, in his writings, so

eloquently maintained the cause of the humble and oppressed; who exhibits, in every line, his own keen sensibility to wrong; and the pervading spirit of all whose works is a touching illustration of the truth, that in the elementary constitution of men there is no difference, whatever difference circumstances may have created.

*Resolved*, That in the arrangement of a fitting reception for the visitor whom we delight to honor, regard be had to the participation therein of the Ladies; for we feel assured that our countrywomen will look with little favor on any device which excludes them from joining in a Festival given in honor of him whose imagination and heart gave birth to "little Nell."

*Resolved*, That all the Gentlemen present, and such others as may be hereafter named, constitute a general Committee.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Robert H. Morris, | John W. Francis, |
| J. B. Nicholson, | George P. Morris, |
| Philip Hone, | Duncan C. Pell, |
| Henry Brevoort, | Hugh M'Lean, |
| Valentine Mott, | Gerard H. Coster, |
| W. H. Maxwell, | John S. Bartlett, |
| David Graham, | Charles P. Clinch, |
| James W. Webb, | William Turner; |
| Alex. W. Bradford, | Moses H. Grinnell, |
| A. S. Doane, | W. Starr Miller, |
| E. Duyckinck, | John Inman, |
| Daniel B. Tallmadge, | Wm. Kent, |
| John C. Cheeseman, | Beverley Robinson, jr. |
| Henry Inman, | Robt. J. Dillon, |
| A. M. Cozzens, | Wm. H. Appleton, |
| W. B. Dean, | S. Draper, jr. |
| J. M. Smith, jr. | F. W. Edmonds, |
| Thos. J. Oakley, | Saml. I. Hunt, |
| Chas. Delaforest, | H. G. Stebbins, |
| Wm. L. Morris, | Augts. Fleming, |
| P. M. Wetmore, | Francis F. Waddell, |
| J. Prescott Hall, | Wm. Grandin, |
| James E. Cooley, | Chas. A. Clinton, |
| W. K. Northall, | Joseph Hudson, |
| Chas. W. Sandford, | Charles M. Scupp |
| M. M. Noah, | J. W. Gerard. |

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| F. A. Tallmadge, | R. C. Wetmore, |
| Wharton Griffith, | P. S. Townsend, |
| Edward S. Gould, | Wm. L. Shuttleworth, |
| N. G. Ogden, | C. C. Cambreleng, |
| D. C. Colden, | Andrew Warner, |
| J. W. Edwards, | Saml. Jones Mumford, |
| J. Philips Phœnix, | Alfred A. Smith, |
| Dudley S. Gregory, | Marshall O. Roberts, |
| John O. Sergeant, | James R. Whiting, |
| Theodore E. Tomlinson, | Joseph Guillard, jr. |
| A. G. Stout, | Cornelius R. Savage, |
| Geo. S. Doughty, | John D. Van Buren, |
| C. A. Stetson, | Edmund Simpson, |
| Charles A. Davis, | Samuel P. Lyman, |
| R. Fayerweather, | J. R. Livingston, jr. |
| Martin Hoffman, | J. Beekman Fish, |
| James Phalen, | Thos. S. Cummings. |

*On motion*, Messrs. Sandford, Maxwell, G. P. Morris, Wetmore and J. W. Edmonds, were appointed a Committee to withdraw and report forthwith a suitable plan for a Ball to be given to Mr. Dickens.

The meeting then resolved, unanimously, that Philip Hone be requested to write a letter of invitation, in behalf of this meeting, to Mr. Dickens, and that D. C. Colden be appointed to deliver it in person. Mr. Hone immediately prepared the following letter, which was signed by all the gentlemen then present.

New York, Jan. 26th, 1842.

Sir,

The citizens of New York having received the agreeable intelligence of your arrival in the United States, and appreciating the value of your labors in the cause of humanity, and the eminently successful exercise of your literary talents, are ambitious to be among the foremost in tendering to you and your Lady the hearty welcome which they are persuaded is in reserve for you in all parts of our country.

With this object in view, we have been appointed a Committee, in behalf of a large meeting of Gentlemen convened for the purpose, to request your attendance at a public Ball to be given in this city.

Mr. C. D. Colden, one of our number, will have the honor of presenting this invitation, and is charged with the agreeable duty of presenting their congratu-

lations on your arrival. We shall expect, through him, your kind acceptance of this invitation, and your designation of the day when it may suit your convenience to attend.

We are, Sir,
With great respect,
Your Obed't Serv'ts.

The Committee, of which Chas. W. Sandford was Chairman, appeared and made the following Report:

REPORT.

With a desire of tendering to Mr. Dickens those hospitalities and courtesies due to a stranger of such eminent genius and private worth, and in order to afford the Ladies, as well as the citizens at large, of New York, an opportunity of exchanging salutations with him, we deem it an appropriate compliment to invite him and his Lady to a Ball, to be given expressly for the occasion.

To heighten the effect, and in compliance with the desire universally expressed, it is recommended that the Ball Room represent various compartments of "Curiosity Shop," in which the productions of "Boz" may be illustrated. In order to add a strikingly novel and agreeable feature to the intended fete, it is suggested that a number of Tableaux Vivants be formed by competent Artists, in the intervals of the dance, drawn from the novels, sketches, poems and dramas of Mr. Dickens, and shadowing forth, in living pictures, the graphic and glowing delineations of this singularly gifted and original author.

As it is believed that the demand for cards of admission will be very great, and that no Ball Room in the City will be large enough to contain the numbers desirous of being present on the occasion, it is recommended that the Park Theatre be engaged, and that the Ball take place at the earliest date; of which due notice be given in the public prints.

The Committee also recommend the following sketch of decorations and devices for the Ball Room, and arrangements for the floor:

1. The inside of the Theatre to represent a magnificent Saloon hung with Chandeliers.

2. The audience part of the house to be ornamented with festoons of flowers, garlands, draperies, and trophies emblematical of the different States of the Union.

3. The floor to extend from the front of the boxes to the back of the building, where, on an elevated stage, arrangements be made for the representation of numerous Tableaux Vivants from the works of Mr. Dickens, represented by Artists under the direction of the Committee.

4. The stage part of the Theatre to be highly embellished with various designs from the writings of "Boz," illustrating many of his striking, original, novel, graphic, and familiar scenes.

5. A full and efficient orchestra, comprising the principal musical talent at present in the city, to be engaged, and so arranged, as to add to the general effect, without diminishing the space allotted to the company.

6. The Ball Room to afford accommodations for upwards of 3,000 persons.

7. The following arrangements, are also recommended.

Order of the Dances and Tableaux Vivant :—

1.—Grand March.
2.—Tableau Vivant, "A sketch by Boz."
3.—Amilie Quadrille.
4.—Tableau Vivant, "the Seasons, a "poem, with music."
5.—Quadrille Waltz, selections.
6.—Tableau Vivant, The Book of "Oliver Twist."
7.—Quadrille March, Norma.
8.—Tableau Vivant, "The Ivy Green."
9.—Victoria Waltz.
10.—Tableau Vivant, "Little Nell."
11.—Basket Quadrille.
12.—Tableau Vivant, the book of "Nicholas Nickleby."
13.—March.
14.—Tableau Vivant, "a sketch" by "Boz."
15.—Spanish Dance.
16.—Tableau Vivant, the "Pickwick Papers."
17.—Boz Waltz.

18.—Tableau Vivant, Washington Irving in England, and Charles Dickens in America.

19.—Postillion Quadrille.

20.—Tableau Vivant, "Curiosity Shop."

21.—March.

22.—Tableau Vivant, "The Club."

23.—Contra Dance.

24.—Tableau Vivant, the book of "Barnaby Rudge."

25.—Gallopade.

On motion, it was *Resolved*, that the Chairman appoint a sub committee of sixteen, to carry the foregoing arrangements into effect.

The following gentlemen were then named by the chair.

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|---|---|
| Philip Hone, | John C. Cheeseman, |
| Geo. P. Morris, | Charles A. Davis, |
| Martin Hoffman, | Jas. M. Smith, Jr. |
| J. W. Francis, | Henry Inman, |
| W. H. Maxwell, | Prosper M. Wetmore, |
| John W. Edmonds, | Francis W. Edmonds, |
| Daniel B. Tallmadge, | John R. Livingston, Jr. |
| Charles W. Sandford, | William Starr Miller. |

The Chairman and Secretaries, were subsequently added to the Committee.

The letter of invitation to Mr. Dickens, being handed to Mr. Colden, the meeting then adjourned to meet again at the Astor House on his return from Boston.

ROBERT H. MORRIS, *Chairman.*

D. C. COLDEN, } *Secretaries.*
D C. PELL, }

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The Committee of Arrangements met on Saturday evening, January the 29th, at the Green Room of the Park Theatre, when the Chairman read the following letter from Mr. Dickens:

Tremont House, Boston, Jan. 28th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg to convey to the Committee of Gentlemen, whose organ you are, my hearty and cordial thanks for their most kind congratulations; and my glad acceptance of the honor they propose to confer upon me.

I have had the pleasure of seeing your agent, and of explaining my movements and arrangements to that gentleman.

Rest assured, that I shall only be too proud and happy, to meet you at any time you may appoint, after receiving his explanation of my engagements.

With many thanks to you and the Committee, generally,

I am, My dear Sir,

Yours, faithfully and obliged,

CHARLES DICKENS.

ROBERT H. MORRIS, Esq.

The Committee, thereupon, Report, that the Ball take place at the Park Theatre, on Monday the 14th of February next.

The following rules and regulations to be observed on the occasion.

The doors to be opened at half past 7, and the dancing to commence at 9 o'clock.

The Committee to appear in full Ball dresses and wear rosettes, with appropriate designs.

Military and Naval officers to appear in their respective uniforms.

All fancy dresses to be positively excluded, except such as are admitted under the direction of the Committee.

An ample supply of refreshments to be provided for the company.

Cloak and retiring rooms to be set apart for the accommodation of the Ladies, and suitable attendants to be in waiting.

Tickets admitting a Lady and Gentleman to be $5. Any gentleman whose party may exceed more than one lady, to be furnished with extra ladies' tickets, not to exceed two, at $2 each.

Cards of admission to be obtained from either of the Committee, at the Committee Room, in the Astor House, where the name of every person who purchases a ticket, will be registered in a book provided for that especial purpose.

Gentlemen applying for tickets, will please to give the names of their Ladies, in order that the same may be written in the cards of invitation.

Each member of the Committee, issuing tickets, will endorse his own name on the back of the cards.

An early application for cards of admission, will be necessary, as no more persons will be admitted to the féte, than the Ball room can conveniently accommodate.

An awning to be erected in front of the Theatre, covering the sidewalk.

Carriages on arriving and departing, will comply with the city regulations, for the maintainence of good order at public assemblies.

Gentlemen are requested to dismiss their carriages on arriving at the door, and to take the one opposite to the entrance on their departure.

The Superintendant of carriages, will be in attendance to preserve regularity, and to see that no imposition be practised upon the company through carelessness, extra charges, or otherwise.

An efficient Police, to be engaged, to secure order, in the arrival and departure of the company.

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At a meeting of the General Committee, held at the Astor House, on Monday evening, January, 31st, the foregoing Report was unanimously adopted, and the Executive Committee was directed to carry the same into effect.

ROBERT H. MORRIS, *Chairman.*

JNO. R. LIVINGSTON, JR.
WM. B. DEAN, } *Secretaries.*

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